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MEDITATIONS ON ESCAPE

The war is over and the world pokes its head out of its air-raid shelter. The general picture is one of havoc, thinly disguised by the sparse garlands of peace. To the pessimists the view is cheerless and drab and the garlands appear to hang limply in sympathy with the heavy livers of their beholders. To the optimists everything appears to be bathed in that soft rosy effulgence which the poets associate with spring and mere mortals with their brief moments of alcoholic suspension.

What do the pessimists see? First of all they see the atomic bomb. One only has to take the most cursory glance at any human inter-relationship to realise the obvious futility of the hope that it will bring lasting peace. On the contrary there is every reason to suppose that in our present stage of mental development, war will be encouraged, because the more terrible the weapon the greater the fear it generates, and the greater the fear, the more violent the reaction against it. Again, the opportunities for secret subterranean preparation and the hope of a decisive coup d'état are enormously increased. It is like giving a monkey poisoned peanuts and telling it not to eat them. As sure as God made little apples that monkey will eat the nuts and kill itself. Even without the atomic bomb the situation is dreary. Geographically we are on the doorstep of a Europe dominated by the communist ideology of Russia. Economically, psychologically and genetically we are the outpost of Americanisation. The Russian and the American viewpoints are diametrically opposite. We are muddling in between and the results of the General Election only serve to show with greater clarity how we would like to go both ways at once. We are like a fat old woman,

suffering from chronic indecision and financial osteo-arthritis, who finds herself in a country lane between two oncoming bulldozers. At home the pessimist sees a Labour government determined to do something and a Conservative electorate entrenched in the responsible positions determined to prevent them doing anything. According to the pessimist there is nothing for it but to make the air-raid shelters more comfortable, and much deeper.

What does the optimist see? First of all he sees the atomic bomb. You can't miss the atomic bomb—it is enormous. It just sits there like an affectionate baby elephant in a high-chair, which is not sure whether to grow into a horrible heffalump or a friendly elephant and either way is determined not to be ignored. The optimists can't see the horrible heffalump angle and look upon junior as a potential bunc-eater who will carry humanity about in a gaily painted howdah, with unlimited energy for unlimited time. Diplomatically the optimist sees Britain, America and Russia as benevolent philanthropists controlling the planet from an endless vista of conference tables, whilst all the lions and the lambs, who comprise the lesser nations, parties, minorities and factions, sit submissively by, completely absorbed by the problem of how they can best lie down together. At home they see a benevolent government getting the traditional English muddle organised with a capital O, with subsequent benefits to all, including more wages for less work. They see the nation fully employed making good the ravages of war, while the state and a miraculously wealthy aunt called National Debt foot the bill. They are quite decided that they are unable to see a slump—but then it is not an optimist's job to look

round corners.

We have all heard these differing points of view coming with bewildering conviction from every quarter. We are worried by the one and we don't believe the other, but just at present we personally feel like a rest from reality. The victory celebrations appeared to us as somewhat artificial and filled us with that feeling of excitable melancholy which school boys call "the end of term feeling." The war has left an empty void and we are not yet accommodated to the conditions of peace, so, like the school boys, our minds are occupied with the little things to which we are looking forward. We know that we are evading our responsibilities and we know that reality is never sympathetic to day-dreaming, but how excellent it will be to taste again a glass of good sherry.

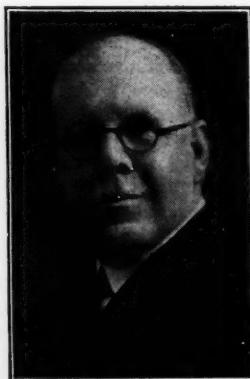
We are looking forward to fishing rods, to evenings by the fire without the conscious presence of the "washing up" in the kitchen, to well-bound books, to examinations in happy retrospect and to an ability to do our job well, to hot chestnuts and Christmas parties, to evening dress, to good music and country pubs, to leather chairs, to dogs and pineapples, and above all to the long moments of friendly comfortable silence.

It is such little things as these which lie behind all our conscious strivings. We can afford to ignore the jibes of the consciously active, because we believe that these things are as much a part of our lives as all the talk of policies and politics, and we believe that these things must contribute to that perception of ourselves which some men call wisdom.

OBITUARY NOTICE

SIR GIRLING BALL

Died July 18th, 1945.



It would be more difficult to believe that a man of such abounding tirelessness as Ball had passed from amongst us, had not one seen him during these last months struggling bravely and unsuccessfully against illness—endeavouring earnestly to carry on with his strength failing and, finally, defeated in spite of all his efforts, being obliged to give in—and dying without any period of retirement or rest.

This may, indeed, appear a sad picture, but those of us who knew him well will realise that it was not in his nature to cease from his labours and enjoy some years of leisure—so truly earned—when he felt that there was still

work for him to do—that his advice and counsels were still needed in those many institutions, to which he had devoted his life—and, most of all, while he felt that Bart.'s still needed him.

For I know it is true to say that Ball was first and foremost a Bart.'s man. He always gave of his best to the Hospital and Medical College, in which his life was spent and in whose affairs he played so vital a part.

Of his manifold activities—both in the Hospital and in the world outside, this is a brief account.

Ball was the son of a City Merchant and was born at Barnet in 1881. He was educated at the Merchant Taylors School, while it was still on its Charterhouse site. He qualified in 1905 and was, later, House Surgeon to Sir Anthony Bowlby, to whose wise opinions and shrewd judgment he owed so much.

In 1907 he won the Luther Holden Scholarship and was, from 1907 to 1911, a Demonstrator of Pathology at Bart.'s, during the Professorship of Sir Frederick Andrews, one of the most eminent pathologists of his day. He soon showed a special interest in Genito-urinary surgery and became a Chief Assistant at Saint Peter's Hospital.

He was Surgeon to the Alexandra Hospital for Hip Disease, which post he held for 35 years. He won the Jacksonian Prize Essay of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1909 and

gave a Hunterian Lecture in 1912, both dealing with the treatment of surgical conditions by Vaccines and Antitoxins.

He contributed to Gask and Wilson's Surgery and collaborated with Geoffrey Evans in Diseases of the Kidney.

In the Great War he became a Captain in the R.A.M.C. and was, for some months, at the 53rd General Hospital in the B.E.F. Later, he was in charge of the Military Wing at Bart.'s.

He was appointed to the Staff of Bart.'s in 1913.

He took a great interest in the Royal Society of Medicine and became its Secretary and, subsequently in 1938, its President.

He was elected a Member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1934 and was a Vice-President in 1943 and 1944.

He was a Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of London for many years.

Another of his great activities was in connection with Masonry, in which he rose to high Office. He was for many, many years Secretary of the Rahere Lodge and was Master of the Lodge in the Octocentenary Year—1923.

He was a surgeon on the Staff of the Royal Masonic Hospital.

These details serve to give some idea of Ball's life and work, both inside and outside Bart.'s. And now to deal more especially with his activities at the Hospital.

In 1913 he became Warden of the Residential College, which post he held until 1920.

As Warden of the College, he lived within the precincts of the Hospital and came in touch with many generations of Bart.'s men. His facility for friendship made him a link in the lives of innumerable people. This period of his life naturally deepened his affection for and interest in Bart.'s and marked him out as one of those people who were destined to play an important part in the future of the Hospital and Medical College. And so it proved to be, for in 1930 Ball was appointed Dean of the Medical College, in succession to Dr. T. W. Shore. He held this post until the day of his death. He was, for years, Treasurer of the Students' Union and, at one time, President.

In 1921 Bart.'s had obtained its Royal Charter as a constituent College of the University of London. And soon after Ball had been appointed Dean, it became clear that the Medical College must expand on its preclinical side, and his greatest work was to see this carried out. He was the prime mover in launching an appeal for funds and, ultimately, the College was established on the Charterhouse

site.

A great College arose with all its modern buildings and equipment—a College worthy of the traditions of Bart.'s. And this was in full swing when the present war began.

But his great triumph brought its own anxieties—not the least of which, that the cost of all this new development was and still is only partly met.

And then the war came and the whole picture changed. The Hospital and College were rent in pieces; the preclinical school was evacuated to Cambridge, the Mother Hospital reduced its number of beds—and two Sector Hospitals came into being.

All sorts of difficulties arose—all sorts of new and unusual arrangements had to be made and, in all this, Ball, who had now been appointed Sector Hospital Officer, took a prominent part.

His task was not an easy one. Looking back and realising that his work involved not only dealing with Cambridge and Bart.'s—but with Friern and Hill End Hospitals, one wonders how it was done at all.

But done it was and Bart.'s carried on as always throughout the years, and it is not for us to say how well.

And then came the great tragedy—as the result of enemy action, the new medical college was laid in ruins and was battered throughout the war until only a small part still stands. It needs no vivid imagination to guess what this meant to Ball—to see a great part of his life's work laid in ruins about his feet. And yet, up to last year, one of his chief interests was to push on with the work of temporary reconstruction and never was there a note of defeatism in his attitude.

His work as Sector Hospital Officer was very heavy. He was day and night on the end of the wire and must have spent many heavy days and sleepless nights.

He did not limit his energies to this job but was, also, Chairman of the Services Committee of the Central Medical War Committee and of many other administrative bodies.

Ball sacrificed a great deal to his administrative duties but, until the war, he was a very active surgeon on the staff of the Hospital.

He might be described as a general surgeon with a bent towards Genito-urinary surgery. He was a bold and efficient surgeon and he was, above all, a good doctor and always inspired his patients with confidence.

In his early days he was an excellent coach—and as a teacher he leaned towards the dramatic

and humorous. His duties in the war meant giving up his hospital work and teaching, but he was able to continue with his private practice.

Ball was definitely not "all things to all men," but possessed a strong and forceful personality, tempered by geniality and heartiness. He was a surgeon of standing, a fine teacher

and a great Bart.'s man.

Many generations of Bart.'s men will remember him with affection.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Lady Ball, who has been his good companion throughout all the long and busy years.

R. M. V.

SOME APOTHECARIES AND OTHERS

By H. E. BLOXSOME

Mr. Holder in the Strand was Dr. Johnson's regular apothecary. 'Poticary they often called them in the early nineteenth century and before that. Great ladies and gentlemen "used the 'poticary'" when their symptoms were not serious enough to consult a physician.

Mr. Holder, in whom Dr. Johnson had great confidence, attended him for bleeding more often than once a quarter, as was the custom of many.

He prepared his medicines, chiefly expectorants, with very large quantities of squills; calomel, stomachics, and opium.

Dr. Johnson took a good deal of opium as a remedy for dyspnea at night, but gave it up after an heroic dose of four grains.

Mr. Holder also carried out the directions of the physicians in attendance, particularly those of Dr. Heberden, whom Dr. Johnson called *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the learned physicians, and of Dr. Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal College of Physicians.

It appears that Dr. Johnson was rather a tiring and trying patient. Dr. Lawrence told him one day that if he would come and beat him once a week he would bear it, but to hear his complaints was more than he could support. Mr. Holder no doubt felt much the same. Johnson and Dr. Lawrence exchanged notes in Latin asking for and giving advice—which Johnson said he and Holder would carry out.

Johnson was "a great dabbler in physic," and like to prescribe for himself and for his friends. He recommended to Miss Boothby as a remedy for indigestion dried orange peel finely powdered, taken in a glass of hot red port. "I would not," he adds, "have you offer it to the Doctor as my medicine. Physicians do not love intruders." He disapproved of elaborate prescriptions and urged that they should be as simple as possible—an improvement, he said, that should be extended to cookery. An entry in Madame D'Arblay's diary of 1781 reads:

"Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him, but he continues his strange discipline—starving, mercury, opium; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always in the end rises superior both to the disease and the remedy, which commonly is the most alarming of the two."

More useful than his prescriptions was his advice to Mr. Perkins, the manager of Thrale's brewery, which became Barclay's, and, later, Barclay and Perkins. The present-day bottles of this famous firm have Dr. Johnson's head on their labels. His letter to Mr. Perkins is dated July 28th, 1782 :—

Dear Sir,

I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life. Observe these rules :

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.
4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.
6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

SAM JOHNSON.

Besides Mr. Holder, Johnson had another apothecary, who was also an old friend, but not of the same standing professionally as Mr. Holder. This was Robert Levett, nine years older than Dr. Johnson, one of the most celebrated characters in the Doctor's circle. He was, in Boswell's words, "awkward and uncouth, an obscure practiser in physick among the lower

people, his fees being sometimes very small sums, sometimes whatever provisions his patients could afford him."

It was a matter of principle with Levett never to refuse anything in the nature of food or drink that was offered him by a patient, as he reflected that that might be the only fee he was likely to get for his services. Often, says Johnson, he was made ill by eating when he had no mind to, and was often intoxicated by the brandy he didn't want, but which his rule forced him to accept; "perhaps the only man who ever became intoxicated through motives of prudence." Mrs. Thrale alludes to him as that odd old surgeon whom Dr. Johnson kept in his house to tend the out-pensioners.

Johnson first knew him in 1746, and such was his regard for him that he would not be satisfied, though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levett with him. "He was of a strange, grotesque appearance, stiff and formal in his manner, and seldom said a word when an company was present."

Whoever called on Johnson at about midday found him and Levett at breakfast, Johnson in déshabille, as just risen from bed, and Levett filling out tea for himself and his patron alternately, no conversation passing between them.

Levett was a man out of the common run. He would not otherwise have attracted the attention of the French surgeons. He was originally a waiter, an Englishman by birth, in a coffee-house in Paris frequented by doctors. They found that he was very much interested in their conversation, and an intelligent fellow, as they made up a purse for him, and gave him some instruction in their art, and put him in the way of attending lectures. In London most of his day was taken up in attending to his patients who were of the poorest class, and in attending Hunter's lectures, and any others that he could get to free. Johnson said that Levett was indebted to him for nothing more than house-room, a share of a penny loaf at breakfast, and an occasional Sunday dinner. He endeared himself to Johnson by many proofs of honesty and faithful attachment, and by his unwearied diligence in his profession. "Levett, Madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not in his mind," said Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.

Johnson entertained in his house as permanent residents several others besides Levett—blind Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins (daughter of his old medical friend and god-

father, Dr. Swinfen, of Lichfield), and Miss Carmichael (Poll). They were not an amicable party—"Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them . . . Mrs. Williams is sick, Mrs. Desmoulins is poor; I have miserable nights; nobody is well but Mr. Levett."

"And pray who is the clerk of your kitchen, Sir?" asked Mr. Thrale. Dt. J.: "Why, Sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen. Dr. Levett says it is not now what it used to be."

Levett made an extraordinary marriage, alluded to by Johnson in a letter to Baretti in the words, "Mr. Levet has married a street-walker." He generally spells the name with two 't's, Boswell always with one. Levett had married a woman of the town, who had persuaded him ("notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane") that she was nearly related to a man of fortune but was kept by him out of large possessions. She regarded Levett as a physician in considerable practice. Luckily a separation soon occurred but not before the lady had narrowly escaped hanging for picking pockets.

Levett was a great companion of Johnson as well as his humble apothecary. He went to bed one night "eminently cheerful," as Johnson says, but died in the early morning. Mr. Holder was sent for, opened a vein, but could draw no blood. "So has ended the long life of a very useful and very blameless man," wrote Johnson to Dr. Lawrence.

A third apothecary, of the standing of Mr. Holder, was Mr. Diamond, of Cork Street. Dr. Johnson used to dine at his house every Sunday in 1752, and talked of going to Iceland with him.

The diagnosis and treatment of Dr. Johnson's very numerous ailments must have been a sore trial to Mr. Holder, especially as Johnson did so much of the diagnosis and treatment himself. No doubt the chief feature was "hypochondria," the English Malady as it was called, meaning an acute depression of spirits. He obtained relief by abstaining from wine and suppers, substituting for wine immense quantities of tea. Tea was ten to twelve shillings a pound in 1734. Sir Joshua Reynolds once reminded him that he had already had eleven cups which annoyed Johnson and caused him to ask his hostess for another to make up the dozen. He was also annoyed when a footman put sugar into a cup of coffee with his fingers, and then at his mistress's request blew

down the spout of the tea-pot to make it pour better. He was subjected to a similar annoyance by a waiter's dropping sugar into his lemonade in Scotland with his finger and thumb which provoked Johnson to throw the lemonade out of the window. Eighteenth century tea was made very weak so it did Johnson little harm. He certainly drank wine in good measure when he did drink it—three bottles of port on one, or two occasions, and Sir Joshua Reynolds once saw him decidedly drunk, but that was the only occasion, and on the whole he drank little alcohol, and for the most of his life nothing but tea and lemonade. He could practise abstinence but not temperance.

Mr. Holder could do little for Dr. Johnson's hypochondria, but there were many occasions when something more tangible could be alleviated by Mr. Holder's blood-letting and prescriptions which he hastened home to compound in his apothecary's shop in the Strand.

Although of a very large ungainly figure, the Doctor was full of vigour, and although much subject to what he called asthma, which was very likely emphysema, he could when sixty-four, embark with Boswell on his tour to the Hebrides at time (1773) when a journey from London to Edinburgh was equivalent to a distance of two thousand five hundred miles of modern travel, at a conservative estimate.

Dr. Heberden was sent for by Johnson when he had a stroke of paralysis which deprived him of speech on June 17th, 1783. He was not wholly prevented from writing and sent for Dr. Brocklesby also, his neighbour and friend. "My physicians are very friendly and gave me great hopes," he wrote two days later to Mrs. Thrale, and by July 5th he had recovered his speech almost entirely. Dr. Lawrence had died before this cerebral thrombosis. "My nights are restless, my breath is difficult, and my lower parts continue tumid." In February, 1784, he writes: "I have been extremely ill of an asthma and dropsy, but received, by the mercy of God, sudden and unexpected relief by the discharge of twenty pints of water." After this copious diuresis Dr. Johnson was very much better, and soon dined out again, among the company being "that ever-cheerful companion Mr. Devaynes, apothecary to his Majesty." He was as able and animated in conversation, and appeared to relish society as much as the youngest man. Indeed it was after this cerebral attack that he went to Oxford with Boswell to stay with Dr. Adams of Pembroke College, and on the way stopped at an inn (unfortunately the name of

it is not known) where he was exceedingly dissatisfied with some roast mutton, and astonished the company and the waiter by declaring it to be as bad as bad can be: it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest.

In December, 1784, when he was 75, Dr. Johnson's physicians, Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butler and Dr. Warren called in, at Dr. Johnson's earnest request, Mr. Cruikshank, the surgeon ("a sweet-blooded man," he called him) to make incisions into the legs and scrotum to relieve the dropsy. None of these would take a fee from Johnson, but he gave each one, and Mr. Holder, a set of his *Lives of the Poets*.

Two days later he demanded a lancet from his servant and deeply increased Cruikshank's incisions, and in doing so lost ten ounces of blood. He never recovered and died on December 13th, 1784, with no pain or distress, having kept his brain clear to the end, and his wit as keen as ever.

A post-mortem examination was made five days later in the presence of Mr. Cruikshank. Much cardiac hypertrophy was found with commencing ossification of the valves, emphysema of the lungs, degeneration of the kidneys, and some ascites.

The medical profession at that time was sharply divided into the three classes of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. The physicians were men of learning possessed of university degrees, of Oxford or Cambridge, and they had studied the ancient masters in medicine. The avenue to all science was through medicine, so that we meet with physicians whose main duties were to lecture in mathematics, in botany, in chemistry, and even in Arabic. The College of Physicians were only interested in consultants and cared little for, and indeed looked down upon, surgeons, and certainly upon apothecaries. The Corporation of Surgeons were a City Company, and were interested only in their apprentices who worked with their masters for seven years, paying a high premium—from £250 to £1,000. Generally the surgeons only took as apprentices their relations with a view to succeeding to a good hospital post, so that men of merit without capital had no chance of getting appointed to the staff of a London hospital but were obliged to become surgeon-apothecaries. Both the College and the Corporation cared less than nothing for the ordinary medical student who had, literally, to take a back seat at lectures and demonstrations.

The Society of Apothecaries placed them-

selves in a strong position by the Apothecaries Act of 1815, which insisted that any man, not already in unqualified practice, if he attended patients, and prescribed and dispensed medicine, must become a member or licentiate of the Society, and pass their examinations after fifteen months attendance at a recognised dispensary. The Act empowered the Society to take action against anyone, however otherwise qualified, if he practised as an apothecary, that is, if he dispensed his own medicines.

Although there were no qualified specialists as at present, there were very many quacks specialising in single subjects. For instance, Queen Anne had two "sworn oculists," one a tinker and the other a tailor. The tailor, Reade, an illiterate man besides being a quack, pleased Queen Anne so much that she made him a knight.

Talking of "celebrated and successful irregular practisers in physick," Johnson said, "Taylor was the most ignorant man he ever

knew, but sprightly." Taylor styled himself The Chevalier Taylor, Ophthalmiator Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal. It is well that Johnson never consulted him. His sight was poor and he was quite blind in one eye; "the dog was never good for much," he said. But Miss Burney declared that Dr. Johnson saw a good deal more than one would think; "He can see the colour of a lady's top-knot, for he very often finds fault with it."

At any rate he saw through the Chevalier and consulted none but reputable and regular practisers in physick.

I wish to acknowledge the sources for this article:—
Birkbeck Lill's edition of Boswell.
Dr. Johnston Abraham's Lettsom.
Dr. Alexander Gibson's History of the Radcliffe Infirmary.
Dr. Arnold Chaplin's Medicine in England during the Reign of George III.
Sir D'Arcy Power's advice to write of Johnson's apothecaries and his reference to Mr. Cruickshank.

CIRCUMCISION CEREMONIALS

By COL. L. B. CANE

In many parts of central Africa circumcision of both sexes is universal, and associated with time-honoured ceremonies and customs.

These take place every few years, and especially when the harvest has been abundant, for after a good harvest, feasts and ample supplies of beer are available for the numerous guests. The season selected is the summer months, when after the rains the weather permits sleeping in the open air. The date is fixed by the Chief, after much consultation, in the first days that follow the new moon.

Messages are then sent to the Sub-Chiefs in his district, and the fathers then consult their own doctors, and receive amulets which their children wear around their loins to ensure success of the operation.

In the case of boys, the Surgeon first chooses a suitable place, on sandy soil, either in a field or in the midst of the forest, where he makes a small heap of sand at the foot of a tree, or against a large stone, and there buries an amulet or charm.

The ceremony begins in the afternoon by the circumcisions of two of the Chief's slaves, as a kind of trial.

Should any severe accident occur it is because the spirits of the ancestors oppose the operation there, or because the place is bewitched. Another place is then chosen or another opera-

tor called in, or in one recent instance, when the first two boys had died, all the others were postponed until the following year.

If the trial is successful the night is spent in final preparation for the ceremonies, and the next kept as a day of rest.

On the following morning all the population is astir, dressed as for great fêtes, and the children to be circumcised, wearing only loin cloths, and with their heads marked with a kind of cross in native butter.

Processions start off from each house, the members leaping up and down and uttering loud cries of joy.

They go out by the gateway of the "Boma" or cattle enclosure round which the huts are built, and after going all round this twice, they join and go to the "Ibalwa," or place selected.

Each boy carries in his hand a long stick, and the mothers follow at the rear of the procession, but are driven away before the ceremonies begin.

The surgeon is seated on the ground opposite his assistant, who leans against the tree or stone and holds the boy seated upon the little mound of sand.

If necessary, two other men hold his arms, and two his legs.

Sometimes the juice of a certain root is sprinkled on the patient. There is no other



I. Mongoose and other skins hanging on a tree in the enclosure

form of antisepsis.

The operator uses a small knife sharp on both sides, shaped like an arrow head.

This he first places across the throat of the child, threatening to pierce it if he makes any noise, whilst others sit around chanting a kind of song to hide any cries. He then pulls down the foreskin and cut it from the tip to each side and underneath, before removing it altogether. This is then buried in a shallow hole scraped in the earth.

Another child is then brought, and perhaps twenty operations may be done in the morning, according to the quietness of the patients and the skill of the operator.

When all is over, and the results buried, an ox is sacrificed upon the spot.

The assistants then tear off green branches

of trees, and go to reassure the women, singing a song, to the effect that he was an infant but is one no longer, his shame having been removed.

After this all go from house to house, for beer and refreshments.

The boys are taken to a sandy spot nearby, where they sit until the haemorrhage has ceased; no attempt to arrest this is made, and if death should result this is attributed not to lack of skill by the surgeons but to carelessness by one of the attendants, and a witch-doctor or sorcerer is consulted to discover the malefactor. The body is buried at night, and the death concealed from the mother until towards the end of the segregation period, which may last six weeks or even longer.



IIa. Boys wearing ceremonial helmets and covering. On back of second boy in foreground is tied a dead bird.

LIFE IN THE IKUMBI.

After the operations the boys are given some cooked food and towards the evening are taken by their fathers to the Ikumbi. This is a simple circular enclosure screened with sticks and grasses, and open to the sky. It must be large enough to hold about a dozen boys, with at least as many attendants and in it a fire is kept up day and night.

Here they live for periods varying from six weeks to several months and are given practical instructions in the duties which as men they will have to undertake. The days are passed in hunting birds, gazelles, mongoose, etc., with dogs, killing them with clubs and bows and arrows. The skins of the animals are filled

by a priest as like a chasuble with the shorter part in front.

On their heads they wear a kind of cylindrical helmet, of similar construction, open at the top and ornamented with feathers, and a mask with side pieces projecting from the level of the temples. (Photo II.)

In this are openings for the eyes and mouth.

Throughout their long period of seclusion they must not wash nor wear any clothes, except a "pighiti" or thin belt made of bark.

Instead they covered themselves with white earth rubbed over their bodies, which serves as a sign of their state. Sometimes on this white background are painted a number of coloured bars, obliquely upon the outer sides of their



IIb. Boy wearing 'helmet' ornamented with a feather and blowing a horn.

with sand and hung upon the branches of a tree in their enclosure. If no tree is growing there, one is cut down and planted within the camp. These stuffed carcasses are called their "Pumbu" or ornaments. (Photo I.)

In some tribes the bodies of birds are hung behind their ceremonial dresses instead of on a tree.

In one tribe these ceremonial coverings are like long narrow mats made of sticks fastened together, with a square hole through which the head is put, a short piece in front extending to the waist, and a long piece behind extending nearly to the ground. This has been described



III. Boy, naked except for narrow leather belt with bars painted in colour on outside of thigh.

thighs. (Photo III.)

FINAL CEREMONIES

From time to time the Chief sends his servants to inspect and report upon the health of the boys in the enclosure.

When all are fully recovered, quantities of beer are brewed, and on the great day processions of men and boys approach the Chief's house from all directions, followed by the women.

The boys all sit in a row, facing the surgeon, whose assistants carry round roast meat cut into pieces, soup, and a large pot of beer.

The first piece of meat put into the mouth of

each boy he must put out and return to the attendant, but the second morsel he eats. This process is repeated with the soup and beer, the first mouthfuls of which the boys have to spit out. Finally the large pot of beer is passed round for them to drink in turn all that they want.

This ritual repast is followed by the ceremony of "nyundo" in which each boy is given a light tap on belly and back with a small hammer.

After final instructions in their future duties the boys are conducted to the homes of the masters of the Ikumbi (enclosure) in procession —after much feasting and drinking of beer they sleep there the night, and next morning are taken to a river for bathing.

They return to the village, and in the afternoon again wash in the river or in water holes, and are given new clothes and anointed with butter.

The remains of their enclosures are then burnt.

For the five following nights the boys sleep

with the Chiefs of their enclosures, but during the days are free to return to their fathers' houses.

Finally they receive presents, sometimes a house, an ox, bracelets, brassards, or spears and arrows.

Henceforth they have the right to cut their hair and to take part in all the doings of the men of the tribe. After circumcision they are no longer children but have become men.

The customs vary in different tribes. Those described are found amongst those of the large Central Province of Tanganyika.

For many of the details of these ceremonies I am indebted to a full description in "La Tribu des Wagogo," by R. P. Theobald Schaegelen, C.S.Sp., published in *Anthropos*, Vol. XXXIII, 1938, and to additional information given to me by the Author.

Also to an account by R. A. Wyatt, formerly Assistant District Officer, Singida District, Tanganyika.

The photographs are my own.

HEARD AT FRIERN

Q. "And what do you think a Rabbi uses?"

A. "A Jew's harp, sir."

THE TRAIL OF THE BEAST IN HOLLAND

By CAPTAIN A. C. KANAAR, R.A.M.C.

V.E. day for me was the beginning of a brief but eventful visit to newly liberated North Holland.

I went there to see some cousins who live at Zeist, near Utrecht. I had heard no news from them, apart from a letter dated August, 1944, which reached me in England seven months later via the Red Cross.

My Unit was stationed beyond the Rhine in Germany, but I was able to hitch-hike on Army and civilian vehicles, and to spend the night with an Army Medical Unit on the way. The last part of my journey lay through territory where the final cease fire orders had only been in force for twelve hours. I arrived on VE plus one at 1.45 p.m. (Wednesday, May 9th).

When finally a friendly jeep deposited me outside their front gate and I met my cousin Marian and Jan, her husband, they were dumbfounded at my totally unexpected appearance. They had not even known I was on the Continent. Their eyes boggled with delight as I

handed them my rations. "Real tea! we haven't tasted that for more than four years. And sugar! we've had none for six months. You're like Santa Claus," they said, as I produced my wares—ending with chocolate and cigarettes. "We've had nothing but home made tobacco, wretched stuff—this will be a wonderful treat," said Jan.

The first problem was where to lodge me. "Isn't it awful," said Marian, "we've got the Germans here still—seven of them. There are three upstairs in the spare room and four in our dining room. Can't we turn them out now?" I sent one of them for their Officer. As I spoke no German, and he no English, he explained in French that they had been allotted rooms in four houses for the next few days. It was not convenient for me to see the billeting officer until the next day, so I said the Germans might remain in the dining room, but must clear the upper room. So I slept upstairs, my revolver beside me, while the Boche slept below,

with their rifles! Fantastic, but at least I was on top.

Over a real cup of tea Marian told me what they had had to endure. "The Boche were always harsh, arrogant and brutal, but since last September life has become terrible. When your men came to Arnhem in September, 1944, we felt sure that our liberation was near, so all the Dutch transport workers went on strike. They had never returned to work since that time. The Germans knew we hated them, and they determined to starve us into submission. They allowed us a little food, for if they killed us all we could not have been used as their slaves. Thousands and thousands died of starvation, especially amongst the poorer people, who could get little beyond the ridiculously small bread and potato rations. We had some vegetable and fruit from the garden. We could have scarcely survived without these."

"How much did you actually have to eat during the last few months?" I asked. "The bread ration was only 1 3/5 lbs. per person per week from October, 1944, to February, 1945, but since then it has been halved. That gives one about nine small slices of bread per week! The potato ration was two pounds per week—which is enough for one and a half meals, for this is our main food and we can eat more than one pound at a meal. Sometimes we could get no potatoes at all, and the bread was always terrible stuff which lay like a stone in one's stomach. It was made partly of tulip bulbs! Yes, and people stood for hours in queues to get a few such bulbs to eat. Milk was unobtainable except for babies under one year old—and the dreadful powdered milk, half a pint of which was given daily to the babies, is believed by the doctors to be the chief cause of the rapid rise in infant mortality. As many babies died in January and February, 1945, as in the whole of 1944. Fresh milk was not to be had because the Germans killed cows for meat besides sending many to Germany. The cheese ration, when available, was a fifth of a pound per fortnight and usually of poor quality. The meat ration was 1/5th lb per week, but one quarter of this was bones. Vegetables were also rationed, but there were none to be had in Zeist for three months."

"Apart from the rationed foods, which were too little to support life, there were four sources of supply. Firstly, from farmers who helped their friends in towns. Secondly, the Black Market. Prices were fantastic and latterly prohibitive. This one pound jar of salt on the mantle piece cost me the equivalent of £3, but we could

very rarely afford such luxuries. Coffee was £30 for 1 lb., home made tobacco was £62 for 1 lb.; wheat 34s. for 1 lb. (pre-war price, 1d. per lb.); potatoes 10s. per lb. (pre-war price, 2½d. per lb.); peas 26s. per lb.; eggs 4s. each. I have known £200 paid for 70 lbs. of wheat for baking bread. Thirdly there were the Central Kitchens, where anyone could supplement their rations, but thin soup was the 'staple diet' there. Twice a week there was a little potato instead of soup. Fourthly, there were mass treks to the few places where food was fairly plentiful. The main area was East of the Ijser river to the North West of Holland. Countless people went on bicycles a return journey of 500 miles in search of food. Very many bicycles, including my own, were stolen by the Boche and their owners had to trek on foot. Jan, who is over 65, cycled to beyond the Ijser twice in the depths of winter. There were 60,000 on the road on one of these occasions. Thousands died and their bodies lay frozen by the roadside. Many who returned did so empty handed. Jan obtained some potatoes and wheat for which he bartered some spare clothes. A pair of children's stockings which a farmer happened to need would get more wheat than £50 in cash. Some farmers who needed no more clothes demanded gold, as it seemed the only commodity whose value would endure."

"So now you see," continued Marian, "how desperately we needed outside help. In the last three months all food beyond the meagre bread and potato ration has been unobtainable. Three times we have received a Red Cross parcel containing ½ lb. of butter and a loaf, but people are still dying of starvation. The very welcome British help will soon make all the difference. We are expecting our first parcel next week."

"Were the Germans short of food, too?" I asked, recalling their threat that if anyone was short of food in Europe it would not be them.

"No, they fed like fighting cocks while we starved. They even robbed us of the potatoes destined for the Central Kitchens, and rifled the Red Cross supplies."

If I had not seen their behaviour myself I would not have believed that an entire race could be so sadistic. A retired Dutch Colonel near here has four German officers living in his house. He has to lie on the floor in the attic. He is only allowed the use of his kitchen for half-hour a day, and while he subsists on potato he watches and smells the cooking of fowl, pigeon, fish, ham and other delicacies for the Germans. They have boxes of chocolates,

plenty of good wines and everything they need, but they never offered him anything, nor would he accept it if they did.

"The Germans have stripped the country of everything. Our railway stock and factory equipment have been taken to Germany. The boxes in the shops are all empty; there is nothing to buy. Not a pin nor a nail is left. Name anything you will, and it is sure to be unobtainable. Cotton, needles, writing paper, matches, clothes, shoes, china, glass, and iron ware, leather, brooms, brushes, toothpaste, soap, soda, mops, all have long since gone. Our lovely clean houses and streets are fouled by these wretches of the Monster Race. They have left us no dustman or carts to remove the rubbish. It lies in the streets to rot. There is not even wood for coffins. In one church in Amsterdam there lay 2,000 corpses awaiting burial. Finally they were wrapped in cardboard. There are no cars to carry away the dead and no labour to bury them, for all our men from 18 to 40 were compelled to go to labour in Germany. A few escaped and remained in hiding. In the middle of the night the Germans would hunt them down. They knocked at the door, saying, 'Open at once or I shoot!' Woe betide the housekeeper if they found a bed that was still warm but no longer held their prey. My son-in-law, a doctor, was imprisoned for six weeks at Weteringscham, Amsterdam, for eluding transfer to Germany by changing his age on his documents. He lost 20 lbs. in weight

in prison and came within an ace of being shot when fifty innocent hostages were suddenly marched out of his prison and executed in revenge for the death of Rauter, the notorious S.S. leader, who probably died at the hands of a German."

"We have had no gas or electricity since September, 1944, and in the winter we sat in darkness from 4 p.m., for we had no candles. The boredom and misery of domestic life is indeed said to have caused many divorces. We only had wretched little wood burning stoves which would scarcely boil a kettle and did not warm the room. Look at mine. You see it is only about six inches in diameter and a foot high. We had 140 lb. of coal (1 1/5th cwt.) per house for the whole winter. One night in Utrecht four children froze to death from lack of warm clothes and blankets. The children of the poor have nothing but rags to wear and cannot therefore leave the house. Amidst all this dreadful privation the self-styled Herrenvolk sat comfortably in their central heated, well lit houses. There was enough electricity and coal for them!"

Small wonder that the Dutch welcomed their liberators as heroes and beted them in a week of unbounded rejoicing! I left Holland with an even deeper disgust at the inhumanity of the Hun, and a profound admiration for a proud people whose spirit they had utterly failed to break.

PECCATUM ADAE OR NOW THAT I'M BECOME A MAN

When I was a child
I was naturally nice; mannered, full of life.
When I smiled
I charmed the grown-ups who came to tea,
And they told my mother so, after meeting
me.
Then I didn't know it
(I was naturally nice)
Until I learnt that so it
Was. Thus,—one doomsday
(As usual I'd been gay)
My mother, with me by her side,
Divulged, indulged, her foolish pride.

I couldn't scorn it,
She had torn it.

Now I spend my time
Engaged in pantomime.
The ladies, flatly I'm
Unable to attract.
However much I act
I can't break through the fact
That charm is born, not made,
And love that's posed will fade.
So now the truth's displayed:
(Advances that I make
Their own appeal forsake;
And compliments I pay
Do in the air decay.)
Let this account suffice—
It was naturally I was nice.

NAT.

SPORT

TENNIS

The annual general meeting was held in March, presided over by Mr. Fraser, and the following officers were elected:—

Captain, J. E. Marrett.

Match Secretary, E. D. Marsh.

Fixture Secretary, J. A. McDonald.

It was also decided that the affairs of the club should be in the charge of a committee consisting of the captain and two secretaries. A majority vote being sufficient to act upon.

Following the 1944 season, when few matches seem to have been played, some difficulty was anticipated this year in collecting and trying out the various players and in obtaining fixtures. However, trials were held and some indication of individual talent obtained.

The matches played have been listed below, but we regret that only the four better ones have been described here.

Oxford—June 16th. We had an extremely enjoyable match which was well prefaced by a hilarious lunch which caused both secretaries some difficulty in persuading their teams to play tennis. We eventually arrived at the courts only to find that the opposing captain was escorting our one supporter with his beautiful friend to the river. Mark S. Marrett played well in parts and just lost to the opposing first pair and then beat the third pair. Guillam and Blackman played well, but were beaten by the unaccustomed accuracy of their opponents' net play. Marsh and Mehta spent three hours playing their first match, losing 10–12 in the final set. We then returned to Hertford College for an excellent dinner, during which our team, unaccustomed to the peculiarities of Oxford, succeeded in getting our hosts scolded more than once.

Guilds—July 29th. This has been our best match so far, and although we lost it was generally felt that but for a sad attack of "stomick trouble" sustained by Mark the day before while playing for the United Hospitals that we should have won. As it was a substitute had to be found on Saturday morning and the pairs split up. In consequence the team did not do itself justice. We have, however, hopes

of playing them again with a full side later on.

St. Mary's—August 4th. This match took place at Chislehurst, and we were very grateful that our president, Mr. Fraser, came down with us. Having each played our respective opposite numbers, Mr. Fraser took over our captain's place in the first pair, beating the opposing second pair easily.

Mr. Smith then replaced our secretary and succeeded in winning his match. The final result was a victory to us of 7 matches to 2.

Mr. Fraser's VI.—August 11th. Of our lighter tennis there is no doubt that all honours must go to the second occasion on which we played Mr. Fraser's side. A pleasantly close match in the afternoon of a perfect day led to a delightful sense of weariness and well being, and it was not surprising before long to hear a famous pair of red braces singing of a pair of red plus britches. Soon this led to a further galaxy of tunes, among which green growing rushes and one of vogues being led up a garden path were prominent, and these in turn led to a highly successful representation of a mermaid on a rock, for a piece of dainty white beef blending charmingly with the blue tiles of the plunge bath. We may also add that mainly due to the tireless and enthusiastic—nay—almost over enthusiastic—efforts of the mermaid and rather less to the literally misdirected efforts of others than the limpid blue Mediterranean-like bath became a trifle reddened by the dye from the aforementioned braces. The latter gentleman after imbibing quarts of lipid blue and the former having remetamorphosed the players and supporters returned to London.

We, the secretaries, feel safe in saying for one and all how grateful we are to Mr. Fraser for raising so pleasant a side against us and for such a close game; no less to Mr. and Mrs. White for so materially helping the day's enjoyment.

We have also been able to arrange some second VI. matches as we were unable to provide tennis for all who wished to play in the first VI.

Regular players include J. E. Marrett, P. C. Mark, E. D. Marsh, J. A. McDonald, M. D. Mehta, J. H. Blackman, P. A. N. Weston, T. A. J. Prankerd, P. D. Osborne.

Contributions for the "October" issue of the JOURNAL must reach the Office by September 10th.

RECENT PAPERS BY ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MEN

ATKINSON, M. "Tinnitus Aurium: Observations on its Nature and Control." *Ann. Otol. Rhin. and Laryn.*, December, 1944, p. 742.

BLACKBURN, G. (and Rob. C. G.). "The Abdominal Wound in the Field." *Brit. J. Surg.*, July, 1945, pp. 46-52.

CUTHBERT, J. B. "The Late Treatment of Dorsal Injuries of the Hand Associated with Loss of Skin." *Brit. J. Surg.*, July, 1945, pp. 66-71.

DARMADY, E. M. (and Hardwick, C.). "Syringe-

Transmitted Hepatitis." *Lancet*, July 28th, 1945, pp. 106-108.

GARNHAM, P. C. C. "Malaria Epidemics at Exceptionally High Altitudes in Kenya." *Brit. Med. J.*, July 14th, 1945, pp. 45-47.

GREEN, F. H. K. "The Local Treatment of Thermal Burns." *Brit. Med. Bull.*, Vol. 3, No. 4/5, pp. 91-95.

HARGREAVES, W. H. "Chronic Amoebic Dysentery." *Lancet*, July 21st, 1945, pp. 68-72.

- LUMB, G. D. (and Wilson, J.M.). "Penicillin Assay Methods." *J. Roy. Army Med. Corps*, June, 1945, pp. 247-254.
- PETERS, R. A. "The Biochemical Lesion in Thermal Burns." *Brit. Med. Bull.*, Vol. 3, Mo. 4/5, pp. 81-88.
- RACE, R. R. (et. al.). "Hypersensitivity to Transfused Blood." *Brit. Med. J.*, July 21st, 1945, pp. 83-84.

SNOWDEN, E. N. "Introspection." *West Lond. Med. J.*, July, 1945, pp. 61-69.

- WEBER, F. PARKES (and Samson, G.). "Lutembacher's Syndrome with an Account of a Case." *Med. Press Circ.*, June 20th, 1945, p. 392.
- — — "Sjogren's Syndrome Especially its Non-Ocular Features." *Brit. J. Ophlt.*, June, 1945, pp. 299-311.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

RETURNED PRISONERS OF WAR

Lt.-Col. G. T. HANKEY to Bellhurst, Layfield, Surrey.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Dr. JOHN HAYWARD to Hilcot, Shaftesbury Road, Salisbury.
M. R. LAWRENCE to Chicklade, Hindon, Salisbury.
W. F. CHOLMELEY, F.R.C.S., Newlands, Church Hill Road, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton.
KEITH VARTAN to 25, Harley Street, W.7.

E. D. MOIR, M.Chir, to 56, Wimpole Street, W.1.
E. F. N. CURRY to The Mount, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
R. DE V. GRIPPS to 288, Cornwall Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane, Australia.
W. H. W. ATTLEE, Knole House, Manor Road, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.
R. W. L. CALDERWOOD to 222, Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex.
JOHN BEATTIE to 78, Hailey Street, W.1.
Welbeck 8448.
Mr. F. COLEMAN to 31, Queen Anne Street, W.1.
Layham 2827.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD SECOND B.M. EXAMINATION, TRINITY TERM, 1945

PHARMACOLOGY AND PRINCIPLES OF
THERAPEUTICS
Lloyd, H. M.

CONJOINT BOARD FINAL EXAMINATION, JULY 1945

PATHOLOGY

Dawson, D. A.
Clarkson, K. S.
Rawlins, J. S. P.
Sahakian, J. G.
Williams, J. R. B.
Brierley, D. S. N.
Buckley, A. R.
Cocks, R. A.
Sutton, W. K.

Atteridge, J. H.
Royle, F. C. W.
Banks, P. J.
Fyfe, A. E.
Taylor, P. A.
Arundell, P. W.
Heneghan, N. D. H.
Ballantine, R. I. W.

SURGERY

Cartledge, V. L.
Hogben, B. H.
Ostiere, G. S.
Taylor, T.
Marrett, J. E.
Finlayson, R.
Youngman, R.

Philip, P. P.
Merritt, D. M.
Arundell, P. W.
Dawson, D. A.
Seed, S.
Watson, D. A.

MIDWIFERY

McGregor, R. C.
Montagnon, M. L.
Hogben, B. H.
Aronson, R. P.
Fuller, J. D.
Renwick, R.
Watson, D. A.
Rassim, F.
Youngman, R.

Lawrance, K.
Haire, I. R.
Dunlop, E. M. C.
Pugh, D. E.
Sutton, W. K.
Backhouse, K. M.
Chopra, A.
Teeuwen, J. J.

MEDICINE

Dawson, D. A.
Gloster, J.
Rimmington, K. E.
Cocks, R. A.
Rawlins, J. S. P.
Denny, W. R.
Wince, W. H. D.
Walker, P. H.
Clarkson, K. S.
Church, R. E.
Merritt, D. M.

Taylor, P. A.
Watson, D. A.
Davies, I. N.
Weatherhead, A. D.
Dallas Ross, W. P.
Allison, R. C.
Peck, I. A. W.
Dingley, A. G.
Davies, G. R.
Moore, P. H.
Debenham, J. A. R.

The following have completed the examinations for the Diplomas M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.:—

Arundell, P. W.
Dallas Ross, W. P.
Debenham, J. A. R.

Ostiere, G. S.
Watson, D. A.
Church, R. E.
Davies, G. R.
Dingley, A. G.

Davies, I. N.
Moore, P. H.
Walker, P. H.
Youngman, R.

SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES FINAL EXAMINATION, JUNE 1945

PATHOLOGY, BACTERIOLOGY AND FORENSIC MEDICINE

Osborne, P. F. Wimborne, D.

MIDWIFERY

Wimborne, D.